

COMIC
BOOK
SECTION

GANG WARFARE

3 COMPLETE
STORIES

September 22, 1940

THE SPIRIT

BY
WILL
ESNER

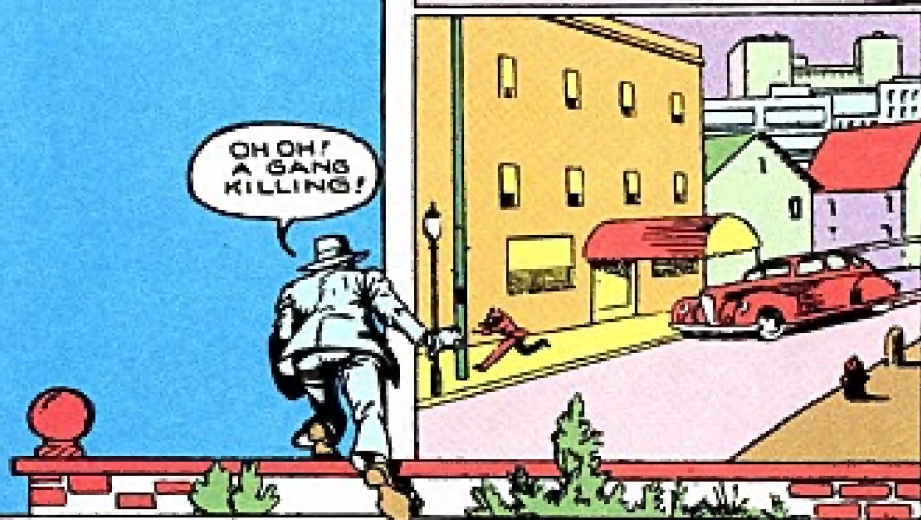


THE WELL KNOWN CRIME FIGHTER, KNOWN TO THE WORLD AS THE SPIRIT, IS IN REALITY DENNY COLT, LONG BELIEVED DEAD. FROM HIS BIG LABORATORY IN WILDWOOD CEMETERY, HE SECRETELY AIDS SOCIETY IN ITS WAR AGAINST THE FORCES OF EVIL.....

ONLY POLICE COMMISSIONER DOLAN KNOWS THE SPIRIT'S TRUE IDENTITY.

THE SILENCE OF A PEACEFUL NIGHT IS SUDDENLY SHATTERED BY A CAREENING CAR BEARING DOWN UPON A LONE MAN WHO RUNS FOR COVER...UGLY GUNS POKE OUT OF ITS WINDOWS.

OH OH!
A GANG
KILLING!



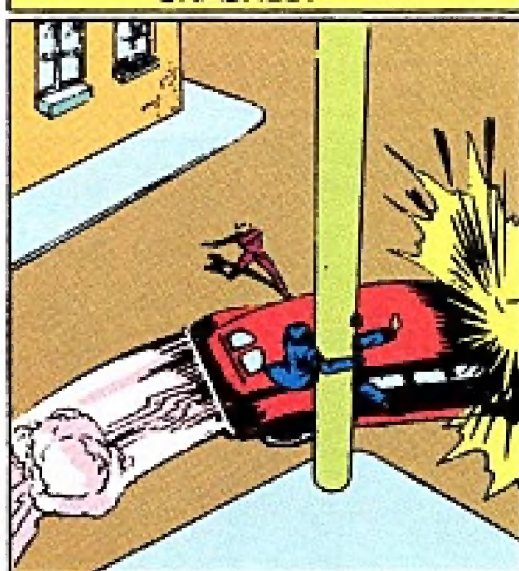
LIKE A THUNDERBOLT, THE SPIRIT DIVES, AS THE CAR WHIZZES BY HIM.



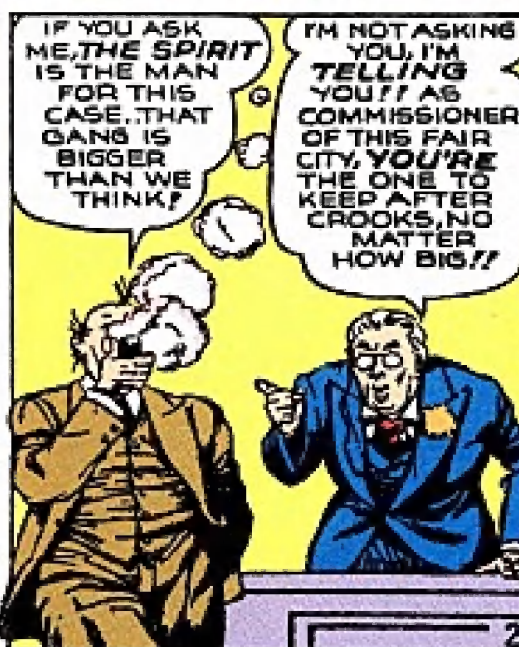
AND WITH THE GRACE OF A TRAINED ATHLETE HE SWINGS ONTO THE CAR.



A SICKENING SCREECH.... IT SWERVES PAST THE MAN AND CRASHES.



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, NEWS OF THE ATTEMPTED GANG MURDER BRINGS THE MAYOR INTO COMMISSIONER DOLAN'S OFFICE.





YOU'RE MISTAKEN. MOBS WENT OUT WITH SILENT MOVIES. CRIME TODAY IS RUN LIKE A GOVERNMENT... WE CALL IT THE "COMBINATION". WE'VE GOT POLITICAL INFLUENCE.... COURTS TO TRY GUNMEN WHO DON'T OBEY ORDERS... WHY, WE EVEN PAY PENSIONS TO THE WIDOWS OF OUR MEN WHO GET 'KNOCKED OFF.'



NOW ISN'T THAT CHARITABLE OF YOU!!

TO SHOW YOU HOW SYSTEMATIC WE ARE, EVEN IF THAT MAN YOU SAVED HAD ESCAPED TO ANOTHER CITY, HE WOULD HAVE BEEN KILLED BY OUR AGENTS THERE.



THE COMBINATION HAS A UNIT IN EVERY CITY... IT RUNS RACKETS, KEEPS CROOKED POLITICIANS ON THE PAY-ROLL... IN *THIS CITY*, WE RUN SLOT MACHINES.

IT'S ABOUT TIME I DID SOMETHING ABOUT ALL THIS.



TSK TSK! TOO BAD WE DON'T SEE EYE TO EYE... SORRY, OLD MAN, BUT WE'LL HAVE TO *KILL YOU!*

YEAH, I'LL BET IT JUST BREAKS YOUR HEART!



THE SPIRIT SNAPS OFF THE LIGHTS. JUST AS...

HEY! WHAT'S GOIN' ON IN HERE??



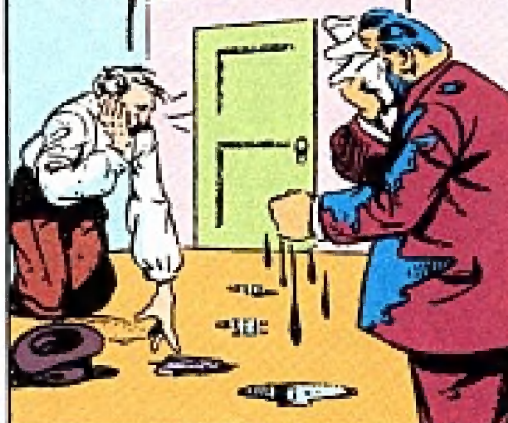
THIS!



AND WHEN THE LIGHTS COME ON AGAIN...

GONE! THAT SPIRIT GUY SURE LIVES UP TO HIS REPUTATION!

@X!! I WANT HIM BUMPED OFF! *GET THE SPIRIT!*



NEXT DAY IN THE CITY COURT HOUSE, A CITIZENS ANTI-CRIME MEETING IS HELD.

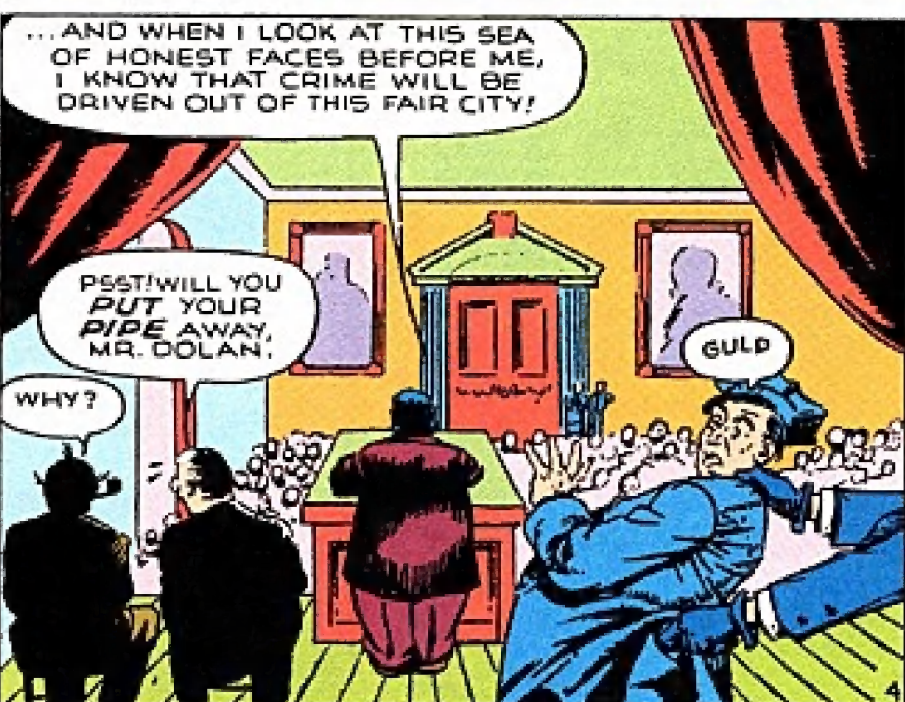


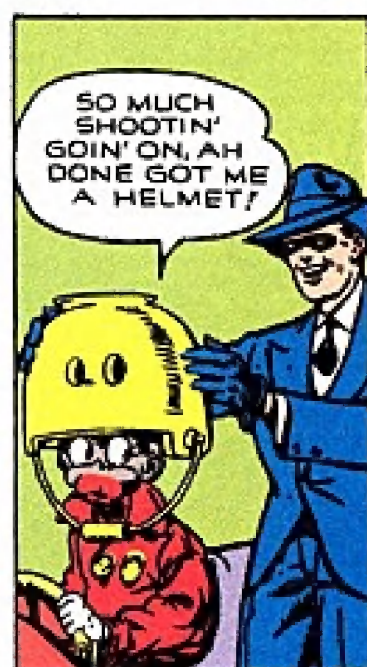
... AND WHEN I LOOK AT THIS SEA OF HONEST FACES BEFORE ME, I KNOW THAT CRIME WILL BE DRIVEN OUT OF THIS FAIR CITY!

PEST! WILL YOU PUT YOUR PIPE AWAY, MR. DOLAN.

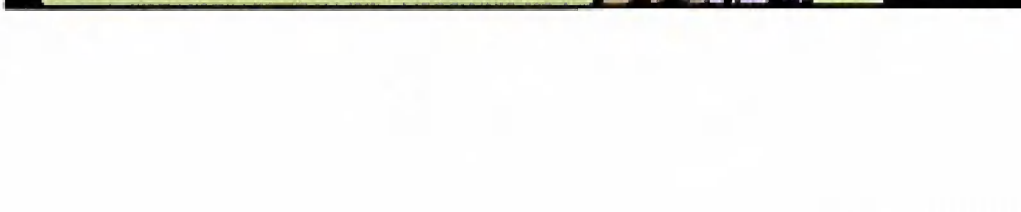
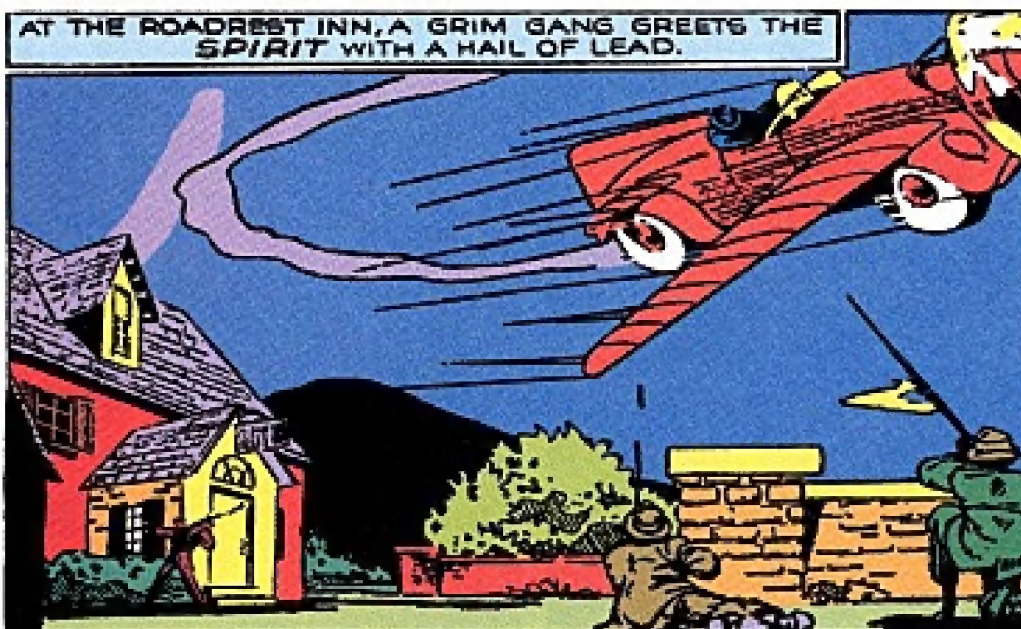
WHY?

GULD





LIKE AN UNLEASHED TORNADO THE *SPIRIT* ROARS THROUGH THE CITY, IN A ONE-MAN RAID ON GAMBLING JOINTS





IN THE CENTER OF A DEADLY CROSSFIRE, THE **SPIRIT** MAKES FOR THE HOUSE... THE GANGSTER'S SUB-MACHINE GUN DEALING DEATH TO THE KILLERS.



BUT THE RETREATING GANGSTERS RUN INTO A POLICE SQUAD.



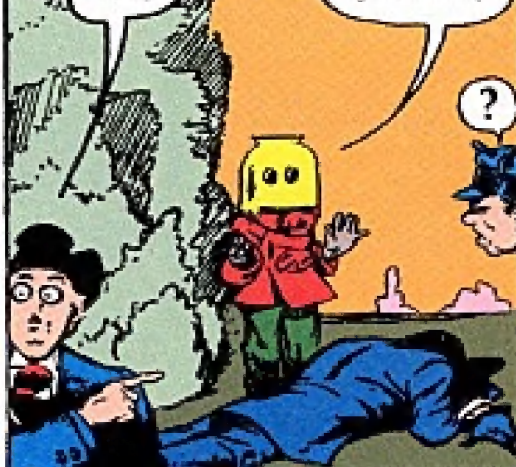
AT THAT MOMENT THE MAYOR, ESCORTED BY MOTORCYCLES, DRIVES UP.



AS IF IN ANSWER, THE **SPIRIT** STEPS OUT OF THE SHADOWS.



PUT HIM IN THE HOSPITAL UNDER GUARD... I WANT TO FIND OUT WHO HE IS!



PUT HIM IN EASY OR AKILL...



AND WHEN THE **SPIRIT** COMES TO, HE IS SAFE IN HIS LABORATORY BENEATH WILDWOOD CEMETERY

